A Midſommer nights dreame.

As it hath beene ſundry times pub-
lickely acted, by the Right honoura-
ble, the Lord Chamberlaine his
ſeruants.

Written by William Shakeſpeare.



¶ Imprinted at London, for *Thomas Fiſher*, and are to be ſoulde at his ſhoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart, in *Flecteſtreete*. 1600.

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A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, *with others.*

Theſeus.

NOw faire *Hippolita*, our nuptiall hower
Draws on apaſe: fower happy daies bring in
An other Moone: but oh, me thinks, how ſlow
This old Moone waues! She lingers my deſires,
Like to a Stepdame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans reuenewe.
Hip. Fower daies will quickly ſteepe themſelues in night:
Fower nights will quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a ſiluer bowe,
Now bent in heauen, ſhall beholde the night
Of our ſolemnities.
The. Goe *Philoſtrate*,
Stirre vp the *Athenian* youth to merriments,
Awake the peart and nimble ſpirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy foorth to funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
Hyppolita, I woo'd thee with my ſword,
And wonne thy loue, doing thee iniuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with reueling.

Enter Egeus *and his daughter* Hermia, *and* Lyſander *and* Helena, *and* Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be *Theſeus*, our renowned duke.
The. Thankes good *Egeus*. What's the newes with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint

Againſt my childe, my daughter *Hermia*.
Stand forth Demetrius.
My noble Lord,
This man hath my conſent to marry her.
Stand forth Liſander.
And my gratious Duke,
This man hath bewitcht the boſome of my childe.
Thou, thou *Lyſander*, thou haſt giuen her rimes,
And interchang'd loue tokens with my childe:
Thou haſt, by moone-light, at her windowe ſung,
With faining voice, verſes of faining loue,
And ſtolne the impreſſion of her phantaſie:
With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceites,
Knackes, trifles, noſegaies, ſweete meates (meſſengers
Of ſtrong preuailement in vnhardened youth)
With cunning haſt thou filcht my daughters heart,
Turnd her obedience (which is due to mee)
To ſtubborne harſhneſſe. And, my gratious Duke,
Be it ſo, ſhe will not here, before your Grace,
Conſent to marry with *Demetrius*,
I beg the auncient priuiledge of *Athens:*
As ſhe is mine, I may diſpoſe of her:
Which ſhall be, either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our lawe,
Immediatly prouided, in that caſe.
The. What ſay you, *Hermia?* Be aduiſ'd, faire maid.
To you, your father ſhould be as a God:
One that compoſ'd your beauties: yea and one,
To whome you are but as a forme in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power,
To leaue the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
Her. So is *Liſander*. The. In himſelfe he is:
But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voice,
The other muſt be held the worthier.

Her.

Her. I would my father lookt but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eyes muſt, with his iudgement, looke,
Her. I doe intreat your grace, to pardon mee.
I know not by what power, I am made bould;
Nor how it may concerne my modeſty,
In ſuch a preſence, here to plead my thoughts:
But I beſeech your Grace, that I may knowe
The worſt that may befall mee in this caſe,
If I refuſe to wed *Demetrius.*
The. Either to dy the death, or to abiure,
For euer, the ſociety of men.
Therefore, faire *Hermia*, queſtion your deſires,
Knowe of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yeelde not to your fathers choyce)
You can endure the liuery of a Nunne,
For aye to be in ſhady cloyſter, mew'd
To liue a barraine ſiſter all your life,
Chaunting faint hymnes, to the colde fruitleſſe Moone.
Thriſe bleſſed they, that maſter ſo there bloode,
To vndergoe ſuch maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlyer happy is the roſe diſtild,
Then that, which, withering on the virgin thorne,
Growes, liues, and dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſſe.
Her, So will I growe, ſo liue, ſo die my Lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin Patent, vp
Vnto his Lordſhippe, whoſe vnwiſhed yoake
My ſoule conſents not to giue ſouerainty.
The. Take time to pawſe, and by the next newe moone,
The ſealing day, betwixt my loue and mee,
For euerlaſting bond of fellowſhippe,
Vpon that day either prepare to dye,
For diſobedience to your fathers will,
Or elſe to wed *Demetrius*, as he would,
Or on *Dianaes* altar to proteſt,
For aye, auſteritie and ſingle life.

Deme. Relent, ſweete *Hermia*, and, *Lyſander*, yeeld
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.
Lyſ. You haue her fathers loue, *Demetrius*:
Let me haue *Hermias*: doe you marry him.
Egeus. Scornefull *Lyſander*, true, he hath my loue:
And what is mine, my loue ſhall render him.
And ſhe is mine, and all my right of her
I doe eſtate vnto *Demetrius*.
Lyſand. I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as hee,
As well poſſeſt: my loue is more than his:
My fortunes euery way as fairely rankt
(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius*:
And (which is more then all theſe boaſtes can be)
I am belou'd of beautious *Hermia*.
Why ſhould not I then proſecute my right?
Demetrius, Ile auouch it to his heade,
Made loue to *Nedars* daughter, *Helena*,
And won her ſoule: and ſhe (ſweete Ladie) dotes,
Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Vpon this ſpotted and inconſtant man.
The. I muſt confeſſe, that I haue heard ſo much;
And, with *Demetrius*, thought to haue ſpoke thereof:
But, being ouer full of ſelfe affaires,
My minde did looſe it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you ſhall goe with mee:
I haue ſome priuate ſchooling for you both.
For you, faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your ſelfe,
To fit your fancies, to your fathers will;
Or elſe, the Law of *Athens* yeelds you vp
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vowe of ſingle life.
Come my *Hyppolita*: what cheare my loue?
Demetrius and *Egeus*, goe along:
I muſt employ you in ſome buſineſſe,
Againſt our nuptiall, and conferre with you

Of ſome thing, nerely that concernes your ſelues.
Ege. With duety and deſire, we follow you. *Exeunt.*
Lyſand. How now my loue? Why is your cheeke ſo pale?
How chance the roſes there doe fade ſo faſt?
Her. Belike, for want of raine: which I could well
Beteeme them, from the tempeſt of my eyes.
Liſ. Eigh me: for aught that I could euer reade,
Could euer here by tale or hiſtory,
The courſe of true loue neuer did runne ſmoothe:
But either it was different in bloud;
Her. O croſſe! too high to be inthrald to loue.
Liſ. Or elſe miſgraffed, in reſpect of yeares;
Her. O ſpight! too olde to be ingag'd to young.
Liſ. Or elſe, it ſtoode vpon the choyce of friends;
Her. O hell, to chooſe loue by anothers eyes!
Lyſ. Or, if there were a ſympathy in choyce,
Warre, death or ſickneſſe, did lay ſiege to it;
Making it momentany, as a ſound;
Swift, as a ſhadowe; ſhort, as any dreame;
Briefe, as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a ſpleene) vnfolds both heauen and earth;
And, ere a man hath power to ſay, beholde,
The iawes of darkeneſſe do deuoure it vp:
So quicke bright things come to confuſion.
Her. If then true louers haue bin euer croſt,
It ſtands as an edict, in deſtiny:
Then let vs teach our triall patienee:
Becauſe it is a cuſtomary croſſe,
As dewe to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and ſighes,
Wiſhes, and teares; poore Fancies followers.
Lyſ. A good perſwaſion: therefore heare mee, *Hermia*:
I haue a widowe aunt, a dowager,
Of great reuenew, and ſhe hath no childe:
From *Athens* is her houſe remote, ſeauen leagues:
And ſhe reſpectes mee, as her only ſonne:

There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee:
And to that place, the ſharpe *Athenian* law
Can not purſue vs. If thou loueſt mee, then
Steale forth thy fathers houſe, to morrow night:
And in the wood, a league without the towne
(Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*
To do obſeruance to a morne of May)
There will I ſtay for thee.

Her. My good *Lyſander*,
I ſweare to thee, by *Cupids* ſtrongeſt bowe,
By his beſt arrowe, with the golden heade,
By the ſimplicitie of *Venus* doues,
By that which knitteth ſoules, and proſpers loues,
And by that fire, which burnd the *Carthage* queene,
When the falſe *Troian* vnder ſaile was ſeene,
By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women ſpoke)
In that ſame place thou haſt appointed mee,
To morrow truely will I meete with thee.

Lyſ. Keepe promiſe loue: looke, here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

Her. God ſpeede faire *Helena*: whither away?

Hel. Call you mee faire? That faire againe vnſay.
Demetrius loues your faire: ô happy faire!
Your eyes are loadſtarres, and your tongues ſweete aire
More tunable then larke, to ſheepeheards eare,
When wheat is greene, when hauthorne buddes appeare.
Sickneſſe is catching: O, were fauour ſo,
Your words I catch, faire *Hermia*, ere I goe,
My eare ſhould catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue ſhould catch your tongues ſweete melody.
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The reſt ile giue to be to you tranſlated.
O, teach mee how you looke, and with what Art,
You ſway the motion of *Demetrius* heart.

Her. I frowne vpon him; yet hee loues mee ſtill.
Hel. O that your frowns would teach my ſmiles ſuch skil.
Her. I giue him curſes; yet he giues mee loue.
Hel. O that my prayers could ſuch affection mooue.
Her. The more I hate, the more he followes mee.
Hel. The more I loue, the more he hateth mee.
Her. His folly, *Helena*, is no fault of mine.
Hel. None but your beauty; would that fault were mine.
Her. Take comfort: he no more ſhall ſee my face:
Lyſander and my ſelfe will fly this place.
Before the time I did *Liſander* ſee,
Seem'd *Athens* as a Paradiſe to mee.
O then, what graces in my loue dooe dwell,
That hee hath turnd a heauen vnto a hell!
Lyſ. *Helen*, to you our mindes wee will vnfould:
To morrow night, when *Phœbe* doth beholde
Her ſiluer viſage, in the watry glaſſe,
Decking, with liquid pearle, the bladed graſſe
(A time, that louers flights doth ſtill conceale)
Through *Athens* gates, haue wee deuiſ'd to ſteale.
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Vpon faint Primroſe beddes, were wont to lye,
Emptying our boſomes, of their counſell ſweld,
There my *Lyſander*, and my ſelfe ſhall meete,
And thence, from *Athens*, turne away our eyes,
To ſeeke new friends and ſtrange companions.
Farewell, ſweete playfellow: pray thou for vs:
And good lucke graunt thee thy *Demetrius*.
Keepe word *Lyſander*: we muſt ſtarue our ſight,
From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.
Exit Hermia.
Lyſ. I will my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu:
As you on him, *Demetrius* dote on you. *Exit* Lyſander.
Hele. How happie ſome, ore otherſome, can be!
Through *Athens*, I am thought as faire as ſhee.

But what of that? *Demetrius* thinkes not ſo:
He will not knowe, what all, but hee doe know.
And as hee erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes:
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things baſe and vile, holding no quantitie,
Loue can tranſpoſe to forme and dignitie.
Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde:
And therefore is wingd *Cupid* painted blinde.
Nor hath loues minde of any iudgement taſte:
Wings, and no eyes, figure, vnheedy haſte.
And therefore is loue ſaid to bee a childe:
Becauſe, in choyce, he is ſo oft beguil'd.
As waggiſh boyes, in game, themſelues forſweare:
So, the boy, Loue, is periur'd euery where.
For, ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermias* eyen,
Hee hayld downe othes, that he was onely mine.
And when this haile ſome heate, from *Hermia*, felt,
So he diſſolued, and ſhowrs of oathes did melt.
I will goe tell him of faire *Hermias* flight:
Then, to the wodde, will he, to morrow night,
Purſue her: and for this intelligence,
If I haue thankes, it is a deare expenſe:
But herein meane I to enrich my paine,
To haue his ſight thither, and back againe. *Exit.*

Enter Quince, *the Carpenter*; *and* Snugge, *the Ioyner*; *and* Bottom, *the Weauer*; *and* Flute, *the Bellowes mender*; & Snout, *the Tinker*; *and* Starueling *the Tayler*.

Quin. Is all our company heere?

Bot. You were beſt to call them generally, man by man, according to the ſcrippe.

Quin. Here is the ſcrowle of euery mans name, which is thought fit, through al *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude, before the Duke, & the Dutches, on his wedding day at night.

Bott. Firſt good *Peeter Quince*, ſay what the Play treats on: then read the names of the Actors: & ſo grow to a point.

Quin.

Quin. Mary, our Play is the moſt lamentable comedy, and moſt cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thiſby*.

Bot. A very good peece of worke, I aſſure you, & a merry. Now good *Peeter Quince*, call forth your Actors, by the ſcrowle. Maſters, ſpreade your ſelues.

Quin. Anſwere, as I call you. *Nick Bottom*, the Weauer?

Bott. Readie: Name what part I am for, and proceede.

Quin. You, *Nick Bottom* are ſet downe for *Pyramus*.

Bott. What is *Pyramus*? A louer, or a tyrant?

Quin. A louer that kils himſelfe, moſt gallant, for loue.

Bott. That will aſke ſome teares in the true performing of it. If I doe it, let the Audience looke to their eyes: I wil mooue ſtormes: I will condole, in ſome meaſure. To the reſt yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all ſplit the raging rocks: and ſhiuering ſhocks, ſhall breake the locks of priſon gates, and *Phibbus* carre ſhall ſhine from farre, and make & marre the fooliſh Fates. This was lofte. Now, name the reſt of the Players. This is *Ercles* vaine, a tyrants vaine: A louer is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the Bellowes mender?

Flu. Here *Peeter Quince*.

Quin. Flute, you muſt take *Thiſby*, on you.

Fla. What is *Thiſby*? A wandring knight?

Quin. It is the Lady, that *Pyramus* muſt loue. (ming.

Fl. Nay faith: let not me play a womã: I haue a beard cõ-

Quin. Thats all one: you ſhall play it in a Maſke; and you may ſpeake as ſmall as you will.

Bott. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thiſby* to: Ile ſpeake in a monſtrous little voice; *Thiſne, Thiſne*, ah *Pyramus*, my louer deare, thy *Thyſby* deare, & Lady deare.

Qu. No, no: you muſt play *Pyramus*: & *Flute*, you *Thyſby*.

Bot. Well, proceede. *Qui. Robin Starueling*, the Tailer?

Star. Here *Peeter Quince*.

Quin. Robin Starueling, you muſt play *Thyſbyes* mother:

Tom Snowte, the Tinker?

Snowt. Here *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You, *Pyramus* father; my ſelfe, *Thiſbies* father; *Snugge*, the Ioyner, you the Lyons part: And I hope here is a Play fitted.

Snug. Haue you the Lyons part written? Pray you, if it bee, giue it mee: for I am ſlowe of ſtudie.

Quin. You may doe it, *extempore*: for it is nothing but roaring.

Bott. Let mee play the Lyon too. I will roare, that I will doe any mans heart good to heare mee. I will roare, that I will make the Duke ſay; Let him roare againe: let him roare againe.

Quin. And you ſhould do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutcheſſe, and the Ladies, that they would ſhrike: and that were inough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs, euery mothers ſonne.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you ſhould fright the Ladies out of their wits, they would haue no more diſcretion, but to hang vs: but I will aggrauate my voice ſo, that I wil roare you as gently, as any ſucking doue: I will roare you, and 'twere any Nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Piramus*: for *Piramus* is a ſweete fac't man; a proper man as one ſhall ſee in a ſommers day; a moſt louely gentlemanlike man: therefore you muſt needes play *Piramus*.

Bot. Well: I will vndertake it. What beard were I beſt to play it in?

Quin. Why? what you will.

Bot. I wil diſcharge it, in either your ſtraw colour beard, your Orange tawnie bearde, your purple in graine beard, or your french crowne colour beard, your perfit yellow.

Quin. Some of your french crownes haue no haire at all; and then you will play bare fac't. But maiſters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, requeſt you, and deſire

you

you, to con them by to morrow night: and meete mee in the palace wood, a mile without the towne, by Moone-light; there will wee rehearſe: for if wee meete in the city, wee ſhal be dogd with company, and our deuiſes known. In the meane time, I will draw a bill of properties, ſuch as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

Bot Wee will meete, & there we may rehearſe moſt obſcenely, and coragiouſly. Take paines, bee perfit: adieu.

Quin. At the Dukes oke wee meete.

Bot. Enough: holde, or cut bowſtrings. *Exeunt.*

¶ Enter a Fairie *at one doore, and* Robin goodfellow *at another.*

Robin. How now ſpirit, whither wander you?

Fa. Ouer hill, ouer dale, thorough buſh, thorough brier,
Ouer parke, ouer pale, thorough flood, thorough fire:
I do wander euery where; ſwifter than the Moons ſphere:
And I ſerue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs vpon the (greene.
The cowſlippes tall her Penſioners bee,
In their gold coats, ſpottes you ſee:
Thoſe be Rubies, Fairie fauours:
In thoſe freckles, liue their ſauours.
I muſt goe ſeeke ſome dew droppes here,
And hang a pearle in euery couſlippes eare.
Farewell thou Lobbe of ſpirits: Ile be gon.
Our Queene, and all her Elues come here anon.

Rob. The king doth keepe his Reuels here to night.
Take heede the Queene come not within his ſight.
For *Oberon* is paſſing fell and wrath:
Becauſe that ſhe, as her attendant, hath
A louely boy ſtollen, from an Indian king:
She neuer had ſo ſweete a changeling.
And iealous *Oberon* would haue the childe,
Knight of his traine, to trace the forreſts wilde.
But ſhee, perforce, withhoulds the loued boy,
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy.

And now, they neuer meete in groue, or greene,
By fountaine cleare, or ſpangled ſtarlight ſheene,
But they doe ſquare, that all their Elues, for feare,
Creepe into acorne cups, and hide them there.

Fa. Either I miſtake your ſhape, and making, quite,
Or els you are that ſhrewde and knauiſh ſprite,
Call'd *Robin goodfellow*. Are not you hee,
That frights the maidens of the Villageree,
Skim milke, and ſometimes labour in the querne,
And bootleſſe make the breathleſſe huſwife cherne,
And ſometime make the drinke to beare no barme,
Miſſelead nightwanderers, laughing at their harme?
Thoſe, that Hobgoblin call you, and ſweete Puck,
You doe their worke, and they ſhall haue good luck.
Are not you hee?

Rob. Thou ſpeakeſt aright; I am that merry wanderer of the night,
I ieaſt to *Oberon*, and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and beane-fed horſe beguile;
Neyghing, in likeneſſe of a filly fole,
And ſometime lurke I in a goſſippes bole,
In very likeneſſe of a roſted crabbe,
And when ſhe drinkes, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlop, poure the ale.
The wiſeſt Aunt, telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime, for three foote ſtoole, miſtaketh mee:
Then ſlippe I from her bumme, downe topples ſhe,
And tailour cryes, and falles into a coffe;
And then the whole Quire hould their hippes, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and ſweare
A merrier hower was neuer waſted there.
But roome Faery: here comes *Oberon*.

Fa. And here, my miſtreſſe. Would that he were gone.

Enter the King of Fairies, at one doore, with his traine; and the Queene, at another, with hers.

Ob. Ill met by moonelight, proud *Tytania*.

Qu. What, Iealous *Oberon*? Fairy ſkippe hence.
I haue forſworne his bedde, and company.
Ob. Tarry, raſh wanton. Am not I thy Lord?
Qu. Then I muſt be thy Lady: but I know
When thou haſt ſtollen away from Fairy land,
And in the ſhape of *Corin*, ſat all day,
Playing on pipes of corne, and verſing loue,
To amorous *Phillida*. Why art thou here
Come from the farthеſt ſteppe of *India*?
But that, forſooth, the bounſing *Amaſon*,
Your buſkind miſtreſſe, and your warriour loue,
To *Theſeus* muſt be wedded; and you come,
To giue their bedde, ioy and proſperitie.
Ob. How canſt thou thus, for ſhame, *Tytania*,
Glaunce at my credit, with *Hippolita*?
Knowing, I know thy loue to *Theſeus*,
Didſt not thou lead him through the glimmering night,
From *Perigenia*, whom he rauiſhed?
And make him, with faire Eagles, breake his faith
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa*?
Quee. Theſe are the forgeries of iealouſie:
And neuer, ſince the middle Sommers ſpring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forreſt, or meade,
By paued fountaine, or by ruſhie brooke,
Or in the beached margent of the Sea,
To daunce our ringlets to the whiſtling winde,
But with thy brawles thou haſt diſturbd our ſport.
Therefore the windes, pyping to vs in vaine,
As in reuenge, haue ſuckt vp, from the Sea,
Contagious fogges: which, falling in the land,
Hath euery peſting riuer made ſo proude,
That they haue ouerborne their Continents.
The Oxe hath therefore ſtretcht his yoake in vaine,
The Ploughman loſt his ſweat, and the greene corne
Hath rotted, ere his youth attainde a bearde:

The fold ſtands empty, in the drowned field,
And crowes are fatted with the murrion flocke.
The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mudde:
And the queint Mazes, in the wanton greene,
For lacke of tread, are vndiſtinguiſhable.
The humane mortals want their winter heere.
No night is now with hymne or carroll bleſt.
Therefore the Moone (the gouerneſſe of floods)
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the aire;
That Rheumaticke diſeaſes doe abound.
And, thorough this diſtemperature, wee ſee
The ſeaſons alter: hoary headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lappe of the Crymſon roſe,
And on old *Hyems* chinne and Icy crowne,
An odorous Chaplet of ſweete Sommer buddes
Is, as in mockery, ſet. The Spring, the Sommer,
The childing Autumne, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liueries: and the mazed worlde,
By their increaſe, now knowes not which is which:
And this ſame progeny of euils,
Comes from our debate, from our diſſention:
We are their Parents and originall.

Oberon. Doe you amend it then: it lyes in you.
Why ſhould *Titania* croſſe her *Oberon*?
I doe but begge a little Changeling boy,
To be my Henchman.

Queene. Set your heart at reſt.
The Faiery Land buies not the childe of mee.
His mother was a Votreſſe of my order:
And in the ſpiced *Indian* ayer, by night,
Full often hath ſhe goſſipt, by my ſide,
And ſat, with me on *Neptunes* yellow ſands
Marking th'embarked traders on the flood:
When we haue laught to ſee the ſailes conceaue,
And grow bigge bellied, with the wanton winde:

Which

Which ſhe, with prettie, and with ſwimming gate,
Following (her wombe then rich with my young ſquire)
Would imitate, and ſaile vpon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,
As from a voyage, rich with marchandiſe.
But ſhe, being mortall, of that boy did dye,
And, for her ſake, doe I reare vp her boy:
And, for her ſake, I will not part with him.

Ob. How long, within this wood, intend you ſtay?

Quee. Perchaunce, till after *Theſeus* wedding day.
If you will patiently daunce in our Round,
And ſee our Moonelight Reuelles, goe with vs:
If not, ſhunne me, and I will ſpare your haunts.

Ob. Giue mee that boy, and I will goe with thee.

Quee. Not for thy Fairy kingdome. Fairies away.
We ſhall chide downeright, if I longer ſtay. *Exeunt.*

Ob. Well: goe thy way. Thou ſhalt not from this groue,
Till I torment thee, for this iniury.
My gentle *Pucke* come hither: thou remembreſt,
Since once I ſat vpon a promontory,
And heard a Meare maide, on a Dolphins backe,
Vttering ſuch dulcet and hermonious breath,
That the rude ſea grewe ciuill at her ſong,
And certaine ſtarres ſhot madly from their Spheares,
To heare the Sea-maids muſicke.

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time, I ſaw (but thou could'ſt not)
Flying betweene the colde Moone and the earth,
Cupid, all arm'd: a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Veſtall, throned by weſt,
And looſ'd his loue-ſhaft ſmartly, from his bowe,
As it ſhould pearce a hundred thouſand hearts:
But, I might ſee young *Cupids* fiery ſhaft
Quencht in the chaſt beames of the watry Moone:
And the imperiall Votreſſe paſſed on,

In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet markt I, where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.
It fell vpon a little weſterne flower;
Before, milke white; now purple, with loues wound,
And maidens call it, Loue in idleneſſe.
Fetch mee that flowre: the herbe I ſhewed thee once.
The iewce of it, on ſleeping eyeliddes laide,
Will make or man or woman madly dote,
Vpon the next liue creature that it ſees.
Fetch mee this herbe, and be thou here againe
Ere the *Leuiathan* can ſwimme a league.
Puck. Ile put a girdle, roûd about the earth, in forty minutes.
Oberon. Hauing once this iuice,
Ile watch *Titania*, when ſhe is a ſleepe,
And droppe the liquor of it, in her eyes:
The next thing then ſhe, waking, lookes vpon
(Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,
On medling Monky, or on buſie Ape)
She ſhall purſue it, with the ſoule of Loue.
And ere I take this charme, from of her ſight
(As I can take it with another herbe)
Ile make her render vp her Page, to mee.
But, who comes here? I am inuiſible,
And I will ouerheare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena *following him*.

Deme. I loue thee not: therefore purſue me not.
Where is *Lyſander*, and faire *Hermia*?
The one Ile ſlay: the other ſlayeth me.
Thou toldſt me, they were ſtolne vnto this wood:
And here am I, and wodde, within this wood:
Becauſe I cannot meete my *Hermia*.
Hence, get the gone, and follow mee no more.
Hel. You draw mee, you hard hearted Adamant:
But yet you draw not Iron. For my heart
Is true as ſteele. Leaue you your power to draw,

And

And I ſhall haue no power to follow you.
Deme. Doe I entiſe you? Doe I ſpeake you faire?
Or rather doe I not in plaineſt truthe,
Tell you I doe not, not I cannot loue you?
Hele. And euen, for that, do I loue you, the more:
I am your Spaniell: and, *Demetrius*,
The more you beat mee, I will fawne on you.
Vſe me but as your Spaniell: ſpurne me, ſtrike mee,
Neglect mee, looſe me: onely giue me leaue
(Vnworthie as I am) to follow you.
What worſer place can I begge, in your loue
(And yet, a place of high reſpect with mee)
Then to be vſed as you vſe your dogge.
Deme. Tempt not, too much, the hatred of my ſpirit.
For I am ſick, when I do looke on thee.
Hele. And I am ſick, when I looke not on you.
Deme. You doe impeach your modeſtie too much,
To leaue the citie, and commit your ſelfe,
Into the hands of one that loues you not,
To truſt the opportunitie of night,
And the ill counſell of a deſert place,
With the rich worth of your virginitie.
Hel. Your vertue is my priuiledge: For that
It is not night, when I doe ſee your face.
Therefore, I thinke, I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company.
For you, in my reſpect, are all the world.
Then, how can it be ſaide, I am alone,
When all the world is here, to looke on mee?
Deme. Ile runne from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leaue thee to the mercy of wilde beaſtes.
Hel. The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you.
Runne when you will: The ſtory ſhall be chaung'd:
Apollo flies and *Daphne* holds the chaſe:
The Doue purſues the Griffon: the milde Hinde

Makes ſpeede to catch the Tigre. Booteleſſe ſpeede,
When cowardiſe purſues, and valour flies.

Demet. I will not ſtay thy queſtions. Let me goe:
Or if thou followe mee, do not beleeue,
But I ſhall doe thee miſchiefe, in the wood.

Hel. I, in the Temple, in the towne, the fielde,
You doe me miſchiefe. Fy *Demetrius.*
Your wrongs doe ſet a ſcandall on my ſex:
We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe:
We ſhould be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.
Ile follow thee and make a heauen of hell,
To dy vpon the hand I loue ſo well.

Ob. Fare thee well Nymph. Ere he do leaue this groue,
Thou ſhalt fly him, and he ſhall ſeeke thy loue.
Haſt thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. I, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee giue it mee.
I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxlips, and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite ouercanopi'd with luſhious woodbine,
With ſweete muſke roſes, and with Eglantine:
There ſleepes *Tytania*, ſometime of the night,
Luld in theſe flowers, with daunces and delight:
And there the ſnake throwes her enammeld ſkinne,
Weed wide enough to wrappe a Fairy in.
And, with the iuyce of this, Ile ſtreake her eyes,
And make her full of hatefull phantaſies.
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeeke through this groue:
A ſweete *Athenian* Lady is in loue,
With a diſdainefull youth: anoint his eyes.
But doe it, when the next thing he eſpies,
May be the Ladie. Thou ſhalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with ſome care; that he may prooue

More fond on her, then ſhe vpon her loue:
And looke thou meete me ere the firſt Cocke crowe.
Pu. Feare not my Lord: your ſeruant ſhall do ſo. *Exeunt.*
Enter Tytania *Queene of Fairies, with her traine.*
Quee. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy ſong:
Then, for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill cankers in the muſk roſe buds,
Some warre with Reremiſe, for their lethren wings,
To make my ſmall Elues coates, and ſome keepe backe
The clamorous Owle, that nightly hootes and wonders
At our queint ſpirits: Sing me now a ſleepe:
Then to your offices, and let mee reſt.

Fairies ſing.

You ſpotted Snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny Hedgehoggesbe not ſeene,
Newts and blindewormes do no wrong,
Come not neere our Fairy Queene.
Philomele, with melody,
Sing in our ſweete Lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Neuer harme, nor ſpell, nor charme,
Come our louely lady nigh.
So good night, with lullaby.

1. *Fai.* Weauing Spiders come not heere:
Hence you long legd Spinners, hence:
Beetles blacke approach not neere:
Worme nor ſnaile doe no offence.
Philomele with melody, &c.

2. *Fai.* Hence away: now all is well:
One aloofe, ſtand Centinell.

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou ſeeſt, when thou doeſt wake,
Doe it for thy true loue take:
Loue and languiſh for his ſake.
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,

Pard, or Boare with briſtled haire,
In thy eye that ſhall appeare,
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy deare:
Wake, when ſome vile thing is neere.

Enter Lyſander: *and* Hermia.

Lyſ. Faire loue, you fainte, with wandring in the wood:
And to ſpeake troth I haue forgot our way.
Weele reſt vs *Hermia*, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfor of the day.

Her. Bet it ſo *Lyſander*: finde you out a bedde:
For I, vpon this banke, will reſt my head.

Lyſ. One turfe ſhall ſerue, as pillow, for vs both,
One heart, one bedde, two boſomes, and one troth.

Her. Nay god *Lyſander*: for my ſake, my deere
Ly further off, yet; doe not lye ſo neere.

Lyſ. O take the ſenſe, ſweete, of my innocence.
Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference,
I meane that my heart vnto yours it knit;
So that but one heart wee can make of it:
Two boſomes interchained with an oath:
So then two boſomes, and a ſingle troth.
Then, by your ſide, no bed-roome me deny:
For lying ſo, *Hermia*, I doe not lye.

Her. Lyſander riddles very prettily.
Now much beſhrewe my manners, and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to ſay, *Lyſander* lyed.
But gentle friend, for loue and curteſie,
Ly further off, in humane modeſty:
Such ſeparation, as may well be ſaid
Becomes a vertuous batcheler, and a maide,
So farre be diſtant, and good night ſweete friend:
Thy loue nere alter till thy ſweete life end.

Lyſ. Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, ſay I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty.
Heere is my bed: ſleepe giue thee all his reſt.

Her. With halfe that wiſh, the wiſhers eyes be preſt,

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Through the forreſt haue I gone:
But *Athenian* found I none,
On whoſe eyes I might approue
This flowers force in ſtirring loue.
Night and ſilence. Who is heere?
Weedes of *Athens* he doth weare:
This is hee (my maſter ſaide)
Deſpiſed the *Athenian* maide:
And here the maiden, ſleeping ſound,
On the danke and dirty ground.
Pretty ſowle, ſhe durſt not lye,
Neere this lack-loue, this kil-curteſie.
Churle, vpon thy eyes I throwe
All the power this charme doth owe:
When thou wak'ſt, let loue forbidde
Sleepe, his ſeat, on thy eye lidde.
So awake, when I am gon:
For I muſt now to *Oberon*. *Exit.*

Enter Demetrius *and* Helena *running.*

Hel. Stay; though thou kill mee, ſweete *Demetrius.*
De. I charge thee hence, and doe not haunt mee thus
Hele. O, wilt thou darkling leaue me? doe not ſo.
De. Stay, on thy perill: I alone will goe.
Hel. O, I am out of breath, in this fond chaſe,
The more my prayer, the leſſer is my grace.
Happie is *Hermia*, whereſoere ſhe lies:
For ſhe hath bleſſed, and attractiue eyes.
How came her eyes ſo bright? Not with ſalt teares,
If ſo, my eyes are oftner waſht then hers.
No, no: I am as vgly as a Beare:
For beaſtes that meete mee, runne away, for feare.
Therefore, no maruaile, though *Demetrius*
Doe, as a monſter, fly my preſence, thus.

What wicked and diſſembling glaſſe, of mine,
Made me compare with *Hermias* ſphery eyen!
But, who is here? *Lyſander*, on the ground?
Dead, or a ſleepe? I ſee no blood, no wound,
Lyſander, if you liue, good ſir awake.
Lyſ. And runne through fire, I will for thy ſweete ſake.
Tranſparent *Helena*, nature ſhewes arte,
That through thy boſome, makes me ſee thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius*? Oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to periſh on my ſworde!
Hel. Do not ſay ſo, *Lyſander*, ſay not ſo.
What though he loue your *Hermia*? Lord, what though?
Yet *Hermia* ſtill loues you: then be content.
Lyſ. Content with *Hermia*? No: I doe repent
The tedious minutes, I with her haue ſpent.
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* I loue.
VVho will not change a Rauen for a doue?
The will of man is by his reaſon ſwai'd:
And reaſon ſaies you are the worthier maide.
Things growing are not ripe, vntill their ſeaſon:
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reaſon.
And touching now, the point of humane skill,
Reaſon becomes the Marſhall to my will,
And leads mee to your eyes; where I orelooke
Loues ſtories, written in loues richeſt booke.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When, at your hands, did I deſerue this ſcorne?
Iſt not enough, iſt not enough, young man,
That I did neuer, no nor neuer can,
Deſerue a ſweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,
But you muſt flout my inſufficiency?
Good troth you doe mee wrong (good ſooth you doe)
In ſuch diſdainfull manner, mee to wooe.
But, fare you well: perforce, I muſt confeſſe,
I thought you Lord of more true gentleneſſe.

O,

O, that a Ladie, of one man refuſ'd,
Should, of another, therefore be abuſ'd! *Exit.*
Lyſ. She ſees not *Hermia*. *Hermia*, ſleepe thou there,
And neuer maiſt thou come *Lyſander* neere,
For, as a ſurfet of the ſweeteſt things
The deepeſt loathing, to the ſtomacke bringes:
Or, as the hereſies, that men doe leaue,
Are hated moſt of thoſe they did deceiue:
So thou, my ſurfet, and my hereſie,
Of all bee hated; but the moſt, of mee:
And all my powers addreſſe your loue and might,
To honour *Helen*, and to be her knight. *Exit.*
Her. Helpe mee *Lyſander*, helpe mee: do thy beſt
To pluck this crawling ſerpent, from my breſt,
Ay mee, for pittie. What a dreame was here?
Lyſander looke, how I doe quake with feare.
Me thoughr, a ſerpent eate my heart away,
And you ſate ſmiling at his cruell pray.
Lyſander what, remou'd? *Lyſander*, Lord,
What, out of hearing, gon? No ſound, no word?
Alacke where are you? Speake, and if you heare:
Speake, of all loues. I ſwoune almoſt with feare.
No, then I well perceiue, you are not ny:
Either death, or you, Ile finde immediately. *Exit.*

Enter the Clownes.

Bott. Are wee all met?
Quin. Pat, pat: and heres a maruailes conuenient place, for our rehearſall. This greene plot ſhall be our ſtage, this hauthorne brake our tyring houſe, and wee will doe it in action, as wee will doe it before the Duke.
Bott. Peeter Quince?
Quin. What ſaieſt thou, bully, *Bottom?*
Bot. There are things in this Comedy, of *Pyramus* and *Thiſby*, that will neuer pleaſe. Firſt, *Pyramus* muſt draw a ſworde, to kill himſelfe; which the Ladies cannot abide.

How anſwere you that?

Snout. Berlakin, a parlous feare.

Star. I beleeue, we muſt leaue the killing, out, when all is done.

Bott. Not a whit: I haue a deuiſe to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue ſeeme to ſay; we wil do no harme, with our ſwords, and that *Pyramus* is not kild indeede: and for the more better aſſurance, tel them, that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weauer: this will put them out of feare.

Quin. Well: wee will haue ſuch a Prologue, and it ſhall be written in eight and ſix.

Bot. No: make it two more: let it be written in eight & eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the Lyon?

Star. I feare it, I promiſe you.

Bot. Maſters, you ought to conſider with your ſelfe, to bring in (God ſhielde vs) a Lyon among Ladies, is a moſt dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde foule then your Lyon liuing: & we ought to looke toote.

Sno. Therfore, another Prologue muſt tel, he is not a Lion.

Bot. Nay: you muſt name his name, and halfe his face muſt be ſeene through the Lions necke, and he himſelfe muſt ſpeake through, ſaying thus, or to the ſame defect; Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wiſh you, or I would requeſt you, or I wold intreat you, not to feare, not to trẽble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it were pittie of my life. No: I am no ſuch thing: I am a man as other men are: & there indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainely he is *Snugge*, the ioyner.

Quin. Well: it ſhall be ſo: but there is two hard things; that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, *Pyramus* and *Thiſby* meete by Moone-light.

Sn. Doth the Moone ſhine, that night, we play our Play?

Bot.

Bo. A Calender, a Calender: looke in the Almanack: finde out Moone-ſhine, finde out Moone-ſhine.

Quin. Yes: it doth ſhine that night.

Cet. Why then, may you leaue a caſement of the great chamber window (where we play) open; and the Moone may ſhine in at the caſement.

Quin. I: or els, one muſt come in, with a buſh of thorns, & a lãtern, and ſay he comes to diſfigure, or to preſent the perſon of Moone-ſhine. Then, there is another thing; we muſt haue a wal in the great chãber: for *Pyramus* & *Thiſby* (ſaies the ſtory) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

Sno. You can neuer bring in a wal. What ſay you *Bottom*?

Bot. Some man or other muſt preſent wall: and let him haue ſome plaſter, or ſom lome, or ſome rough caſt, about him, to ſignifie wall; or let him holde his fingers thus: and through that crany, ſhall *Pyramus* and *Thiſby* whiſper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, ſit downe euery mothers ſonne, and reherſe your parts. *Pyramus*, you beginne: when you haue ſpoken yonr ſpeech, enter into that Brake, and ſo euery one according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

Ro. What hempen homeſpunnes haue we ſwaggring here,
So neere the Cradle of the Fairy Queene?
What, a play toward? Ile be an Auditor,
An Actor to perhappes, if I ſee cauſe.

Quin. Speake *Pyramus*: *Thyſby* ſtand forth.

Pyra. *Thiſby* the flowers of odious ſauours ſweete.

Quin. Odours, odorous.

Py. Odours ſauours ſweete.
So hath thy breath, my deareſt *Thiſby* deare.
But harke, a voice: ſtay thou but heere a while,
And by and by I will to thee appeare. *Exit.*

Quin. A ſtranger *Pyramus*, then ere played heere.

Thyſ. Muſt I ſpeake now?

Quin. I marry muſt you. For you muſt vnderſtād, he goes but to ſee a noyſe, that he heard, and is to come againe.

Thyſ. Moſt radiant *Pyramus*, moſt lillie white of hewe,
Of colour like the redroſe, on triumphant bryer,
Moſt briſky Iuuenall, and eeke moſt louely Iewe,
As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would neuer tyre,
Ile meete thee *Pyramus*, at *Ninnies* toumbe.

Quin. *Ninus* toumbe, man. Why? you muſt not ſpeake That yet. That you anſwere to *Pyramus*. You ſpeake Al your part at once, cues, and, all. *Pyramus*, enter: your cue is paſt: It is; neuer tire.

Thyſ. O, as true as trueſt horſe, that yet would neuer tyre.

Py. If I were faire, *Thyſby*, I were onely thine.

Quin. O monſtrous! O ſtrange! We are haunted. Pray maſters: fly maſters: helpe.

Rob. Ile follow you: Ile leade you about a Round,
Through bogge, through buſh, through brake, through bryer:
Sometime a horſe Ile be, ſometime a hound,
A hogge, a headleſſe Beare, ſometime a fier,
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horſe, hound, hogge, beare, fire, at euery turne. *Exit.*

Bott. Why doe they runne away? This is a knauery of them to make mee afeard. *Enter* Snowte.

Sn. O *Bottom*, thou art chaung'd. What do I ſee on thee?

Bot. What doe you ſee? You ſee an Aſſe head of your owne. Do you?

Enter Quince. *(Exit.*

Quin Bleſſe thee *Bottom*, bleſſe thee. Thou art trāſlated.

Bot. I ſee their knauery. This is to make an aſſe of mee, to fright me, if they could: but I wil not ſtirre from this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe heere, and I will ſing, that they ſhall heare I am not afraide.
The Wooſell cock, ſo blacke of hewe,
With Orange tawny bill,

The

The Throſtle, with his note ſo true,
The Wren, with little quill,

Tytania. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

Bot. The Fynch, the Sparrowe, and the Larke,
The plainſong Cuckow gray:
Whoſe note, full many a man doth marke,
And dares not anſwere, nay.
For indeede, who would ſet his wit to ſo fooliſh a birde?
Who would giue a bird the ly, though hee cry Cuckow, neuer ſo?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortall, ſing againe.
Myne eare is much enamoured of thy note:
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape,
And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth mooue mee,
On the firſt viewe to ſay, to ſweare, I loue thee.

Bott. Mee thinks miſtreſſe, you ſhould haue little reaſon for that. And yet, to ſay the truth, reaſon and loue keepe little company together, now a daies. The more the pitty, that ſome honeſt neighbours will not make them friends. Nay I can gleeke, vpon occaſion.

Tyta. Thou art as wiſe, as thou art beautifull.

Bott. Not ſo neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I haue enough to ſerue mine owe turne.

Tyta. Out of this wood, doe not deſire to goe:
Thou ſhalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a ſpirit, of no common rate:
The Sommer, ſtill, doth tend vpon my ſtate,
And I doe loue thee: therefore goe with mee.
Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee:
And they ſhall fetch thee Iewels, from the deepe,
And ſing, while thou, on preſſed flowers, doſt ſleepe:
And I will purge thy mortall groſſeneſſe ſo,
That thou ſhalt, like an ayery ſpirit, goe.

Peaſe-bloſſome, Cobweb, Moth, and *Muſtard-ſeede,*

Enter foure Fairyes.

Fairies. Readie: and I, and I, and I. Where ſhall we goe?

Tita. Be kinde and curteous to this gentleman,
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eyes,
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, greene figges, and Mulberries,
The hony bagges ſteale from the humble Bees,
And for night tapers, croppe their waxen thighes,
And light them at the fiery Glowe-wormes eyes,
To haue my loue to bedde, and to ariſe,
And pluck the wings, from painted Butterflies,
To fanne the Moone-beames from his ſleeping eyes,
Nod to him Elues, and doe him curteſies.

1. *Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

2. *Fai.* Haile.

3. *Fai.* Haile.

Bot. I cry your worſhips mercy, hartily: I beſeech your worſhippes name.

Cob. Cobwebbe.

Bot. I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance, good maſter *Cobweb*: if I cut my finger, I ſhall make bolde with you. Your name honeſt gentleman?

Pea. Peaſe-bloſſome.

Bot. I pray you commend mee to miſtreſſe *Squaſh*, your mother, and to maſter *Peaſcod*, your father. Good maſter *Peaſe-bloſſome*, I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance, to. Your name I beſeech you ſir?

Muſt. Muſtardſeede.

Bot. Good maſter *Muſtardſeede*, I know your patience well. That ſame cowardly, gyantlike, Ox-beefe hath deuourd many a gentleman of your houſe. I promiſe you, your kindred hath made my eyes water, ere now. I deſire you more acquaintance, good maſter *Muſtardſeede*.

Tita. Come waite vpon him: leade him to my bower.
The Moone, me thinkes, lookes with a watry eye:
And when ſhee weepes, weepes euery little flower,

Lamen-

Lamenting ſome enforced chaſtitie.
Ty vp my louers tongue, bring him ſilently. *Exit.*
Enter King of Fairies, *and* Robin goodfellow.
Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak't;
Then what it was, that next came in her eye,
Which ſhe muſt dote on, in extreamitie.
Here comes my meſſenger. How now, mad ſpirit?
What nightrule now about this haunted groue?
Puck. My miſtreſſe with a monſter is in loue,
Neere to her cloſe and conſecrated bower.
While ſhe was in her dull, and ſleeping hower,
A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,
That worke for bread, vpon *Athenian* ſtalles,
Were met together to rehearſe a play,
Intended for great *Theſeus* nuptiall day:
The ſhalloweſt thickskinne, of that barraine ſort,
Who *Pyramus* preſented, in their ſport,
Forſooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,
VVhen I did him at this aduantage take:
An Aſſes nole I fixed on his head.
Anon his *Thiſbie* muſt be anſwered,
And forth my Minnick comes. When they him ſpy;
As wilde geeſe, that the creeping Fouler eye,
Or ruſſet pated choughes, many in ſort
(Ryſing, and cawing, at the gunnes report)
Seuer themſelues, and madly ſweepe the sky:
So, at his ſight, away his fellowes fly,
And at our ſtampe, here ore and ore, one falles:
He murther cryes, and helpe from *Athens* cals.
Their ſenſe, thus weake, loſt with their feares, thus ſtrong,
Made ſenſeleſſe things begin to doe them wrong.
For, briers and thornes, at their apparell, ſnatch:
Some ſleeues, ſome hats; from yeelders, all things catch.
I led them on, in this diſtracted feare,
And left ſweete *Pyramus* tranſlated there:

When in that moment (ſo it came to paſſe)
Tytania wak't, and ſtraight way lou'd an Aſſe.
Ob. This falles out better, then I could deuiſe.
But haſt thou yet latcht the *Athenians* eyes,
With the loue iuice, as I did bid thee doe?
Rob. I tooke him ſleeping, (that is finiſht to)
And the *Athenian* woman, by his ſide;
That when he wak't, of force ſhe muſt be ey'd.
Enter Demetrius *and* Hermia.
Ob. Stand cloſe: this is the ſame *Athenian*.
Rob. This is the woman: but not this the man.
Demet. O, Why rebuke you him, that loues you ſo?
Lay breath ſo bitter, on your bitter foe.
Her. Now I but chide: but I ſhould vſe thee worſe,
For thou (I feare) haſt giuen me cauſe to curſe.
If thou haſt ſlaine *Lyſander*, in his ſleepe; (to,
Being ore ſhooes in blood, plunge in the deepe, & kill mee
The Sunne was not ſo true vnto the day,
As hee to mee. Would hee haue ſtollen away,
From ſleeping *Hermia*? Ile beleeue, as ſoone,
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the Moone
May through the Center creepe, and ſo diſpleaſe
Her brothers noonetide, with th' *Antipodes*.
It cannot be, but thou haſt murdred him.
So ſhould a murtherer looke; ſo dead, ſo grimme.
Dem. So ſhould the murthered looke, and ſo ſhould *I*,
Pearſt through the heart, with your ſterne cruelty.
Yet you, the murtherer, looke as bright, as cleere,
As yonder *Venus*, in her glimmering ſpheare.
Her. Whats this to my *Lyſander*? Where is hee?
Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou giue him mee?
Deme. I had rather giue his carcaſſe to my hounds.
Her. Out dog, out curre: thou driu'ſt me paſt the bounds
Of maidens patience. Haſt thou ſlaine him then?
Henceforth be neuer numbred among men.

O,

O, once tell true: tell true, euen for my ſake:
Durſt thou haue lookt vpon him, being awake?
And haſt thou kild him, ſleeping? O braue tutch!
Could not a worme, an Adder do ſo much?
An Adder did it: For with doubler tongue
Then thyne (thou ſerpent) neuer Adder ſtung.
Deme. You ſpende your paſſion, on a miſpriſ'd mood:
I am not guilty of *Lyſanders* bloode:
Nor is he deade, for ought that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee, tell mee then, that he is well.
De. And if I could, what ſhould I get therefore?
Her. A priuiledge, neuer to ſee mee more:
And from thy hated preſence part I: ſee me no more;
Whether he be dead or no. *Exit.*
Deme. There is no following her in this fierce vaine:
Heere therefore, for a while, I will remaine.
So ſorrowes heauineſſe doth heauier growe.
For debt that bankrout ſlippe doth ſorrow owe:
Which now in ſome ſlight meaſure it will pay;
If for his tender here I make ſome ſtay. *Lydoune.*
Ob. What haſt thou done? Thou haſt miſtaken quite,
And laid the loue iuice on ſome true loues ſight.
Of thy miſpriſion, muſt perforce enſue
Some true loue turnd, and not a falſe turnd true.
Robi. Then fate orerules, that one man holding troth,
A million faile, confounding oath on oath.
Ob. About the wood, goe ſwifter then the winde,
And *Helena* of *Athens* looke thou findé.
All fancy ſicke ſhe is and pale of cheere,
With ſighes of loue, that coſts the freſh blood deare.
By ſome illuſion ſee thou bring her here:
Ile charme his eyes, againſt ſhe doe appeare.
Robin. I goe, I goe, looke how I goe.
Swifter then arrow, from the *Tartars* bowe.
Ob, Flower of this purple dy,

Hit with *Cupids* archery,
Sinke in apple of his eye,
When his loue he doth eſpy,
Let her ſhine as gloriouſly
As the *Venus* of the sky.
When thou wak'ſt, if ſhe be by,
Begge of her, for remedy.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is heere at hande,
And the youth, miſtooke by mee,
Pleading for a louers fee.
Shall wee their fond pageant ſee?
Lord, what fooles theſe mortals bee!
Ob. Stand aſide. The noyſe, they make,
Will cauſe *Demetrius* to awake.
Pu. Then will two, at once, wooe one:
That muſt needes be ſport alone.
And thoſe things do beſt pleaſe mee,
That befall prepoſt'rouſly.

Enter Lyſander, *and* Helena.

Lyſ. Why ſhould you think, that I ſhould wooe in ſcorne?
Scorne, and deriſion, neuer come in teares.
Looke when I vow, I weepe: and vowes ſo borne,
In their natiuitie all truth appeares.
How can theſe things, in mee, ſeeme ſcorne to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to prooue them true.
Hel. You doe aduance your cunning, more, and more,
When trueth kilies truth, ô diueliſh holy fray!
Theſe vowes are *Hermias*. Will you giue her ore?
Weigh oath, with oath, and you will nothing waigh.
Your vowes to her, and mee (put in two ſcales)
Will euen weigh; and both as light as tales.
Lyſ. I had no iudgement, when to her I ſwore.
Hel. Nor none, in my minde, now you giue her ore.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. *Demetrius* loues her: and he loues not you.
Deme. O *Helen*, goddeſſe, nymph, perfect diuine,
To what, my loue, ſhall I compare thine eyne!
Chriſtall is muddy. O, how ripe, in ſhowe,
Thy lippes, thoſe kiſſing cherries, tempting growe!
That pure conieald white, high *Taurus* ſnow,
Fand with the Eaſterne winde, turnes to a crowe,
When thou holdſt vp thy hand, O, let me kiſſe
This Princeſſe of pure white, this ſeale of bliſſe.
Hel. O ſpight! O hell! I ſee, you all are bent
To ſet againſt mee, for your merriment.
If you were ciuill, and knew curteſie,
You would not doe mee thus much iniury.
Can you not hate mee, as I know you doe,
But you muſt ioyne, in ſoules, to mocke mee too?
If you were men, as men you are in ſhowe,
You would not vſe a gentle Lady ſo;
To vowe, and ſweare, and ſuperpraiſe my parts,
When I am ſure, you hate mee with your hearts.
You both are Riuals, and loue *Hermia*:
And now both Riualles, to mock *Helena*.
A trim exploit, a manly enterpriſe,
To coniure teares vp, in a poore maides eyes,
With your deriſion None, of noble ſort,
Would ſo offend a virgine, and extort
A poore ſoules patience, all to make you ſport.
Lyſand. You are vnkinde, *Demetrius*: be not ſo.
For you loue *Hermia*: this you know I know.
And heare, with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermias* loue I yeelde you vp my part:
And yours of *Helena*, to mee bequeath:
Whom I doe loue, and will do till my death.
Hel. Neuer did mockers waſte more idle breath.
Deme. *Lyſander*, keepe thy *Hermia*: I will none.
If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.

My heart to her, but as gueſtwiſe, ſoiournd:
And now to *Helen*, is it home returnd,
There to remaine.
Lyſ. *Helen*, it is not ſo.
Deme. Diſparage not the faith, thou doſt not know;
Leaſt to thy perill, thou aby it deare.
Looke where thy loue comes: yonder is thy deare.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Darke night, that from the eye, his function takes,
The eare more quicke of apprehenſion makes.
Wherein it doth impaire the ſeeing ſenſe,
It payes the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not, by myne eye, *Lyſander*, found:
Mine eare, I thanke it, brought me to thy ſound.
But why, vnkindly, didſt thou leaue mee ſo?
Lyſ. Why ſhould he ſtay, whom loue doth preſſe to go?
Her. What loue could preſſe *Lyſander*, from my ſide?
Lyſ. *Lyſanders* loue (that would not let him bide)
Faire *Helena*: who more engilds the night
Then all yon fiery oes, and eyes of light.
Why ſeek'ſt thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made mee leaue thee ſo?
Her. You ſpeake not as you thinke: It cannot bee.
Hel. Lo: ſhe is one of this confederacy.
Now I perceiue, they haue conioynd all three,
To faſhion this falſe ſport, in ſpight of mee.
Iniurious *Hermia*, moſt vngratefull maide,
Haue you conſpir'd, haue you with theſe contriu'd
To baite mee, with this foule deriſion?
Is all the counſell that we two haue ſhar'd,
The ſiſters vowes, the howers that we haue ſpent,
When we haue chid the haſtie footed time,
For parting vs; O, is all forgot?
All ſchooldaies friendſhippe, childhood innocence?
VVee, *Hermia*, like two artificiall gods,

Haue with our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion,
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, voyces, and mindes
Had bin incorporate. So wee grewe together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted;
But yet an vnion in partition,
Two louely berries moulded on one ſtemme:
So with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the firſt life coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one creaſt.
And will you rent our auncient loue aſunder,
To ioyne with men, in ſcorning your poore friend?
It is not friendly, tis not maidenly.
Our ſex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone doe fele the iniury.

Her. I am amazed at your words:
I ſcorne you not. It ſeemes that you ſcorne mee.

Hel. Haue you not ſet *Lyſander*, as in ſcorne,
To follow mee, and praiſe my eyes and face?
And made your other loue, *Demetrius*
(Who euen but now did ſpurne mee with his foote)
To call mee goddeſſe, nymph, diuine, and rare,
Pretious celeſtiall? VVherefore ſpeakes he this,
To her he hates? And wherfore doth *Lyſander*
Deny your loue (ſo rich within his ſoule)
And tender mee (forſooth) affection,
But by your ſetting on, by your conſent?
VVhat, though I be not ſo in grace as you,
So hung vpon with loue, ſo fortunate?
(But miſerable moſt, to loue vnlou'd)
This you ſhould pittie, rather then deſpiſe.

Her. I vnderſtand not, what you meane by this.

Hel. I doe. Perſeuer, counterfait ſad lookes:
Make mouthes vpon mee, when I turne my back:

Winke each at other, holde the ſweeete ieaſt vp.
This ſport well carried, ſhall bee chronicled.
If you haue any pitty, grace, or manners,
You would not make mee ſuch an argument.
But fare ye well: tis partly my owne fault:
Which death, or abſence ſoone ſhall remedy.
Lyſ. Stay, gentle *Helena*: heare my excuſe,
My loue, my life, my ſoule, faire *Helena*.
Hel. O excellent!
Herm. Sweete, doe not ſcorne her ſo.
Dem. If ſhe cannot entreat, I can compell.
Lyſ. Thou canſt compell no more, then ſhe intreat.
Thy threats haue no more ſtrength then her weake praiſe.
Helen, I loue thee, by my life I doe:
I ſweare by that which I will looſe for thee;
To prooue him falſe, that ſaies I loue thee not.
Dem. I ſay, I loue thee more then he can do.
Lyſ. If thou ſay ſo, withdrawe, and prooue it to.
Dem. Quick come.
Her. *Lyſander*, whereto tends all this?
Lyſ. Away, you *Ethiop*.
Dem. No, no: heele
Seeme to breake looſe: take on as you would follow;
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go.
Lyſ. Hang of thou cat, thou bur: vile thing let looſe;
Or I will ſhake thee from mee, like a ſerpent.
Her. Why are you growne ſo rude? What change is this,
Sweete loue?
Lyſ. Thy loue? Out tawny *Tartar*, out:
Out loathed medcine: ô hated potion hence.
Her. Doe you not ieaſt?
Hel. Yes ſooth: and ſo doe you.
Lyſ. *Demetrius*, I will keepe my word, with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond. For I perceiue,
A weake bond holds you. Ile not truſt your word.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. What? ſhould I hurt her, ſtrike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, Ile not harme her ſo.
Her. What? Can you do me greater harme, then hate?
Hate mee, wherefore? O me, what newes, my loue?
Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lyſander*?
I am as faire now, as I was ere while.
Since night, you lou'd mee; yet ſince night, you left mee.
Why then, you left mee (ô the gods forbid)
In earneſt, ſhall I ſay?
Lyſ. I, by my life:
And neuer did deſire to ſee thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of queſtion, of doubt:
Be certaine: nothing truer: tis no ieaſt,
That I doe hate thee, and loue *Helena*.
Her. O mee, you iuggler, you canker blоſſome,
You theefe of loue: what, haue you come by night,
And ſtolne my loues heart, from him?
Hel. Fine, I faith.
Haue you no modeſty, no maiden ſhame,
No touch of baſhfulneſſe? What, will you teare
Impatient anſweres, from my gentle tongue?
Fy, fy, you counterfait, you puppet, you.
Her. Puppet? Why ſo? I, that way goes the game.
Now I perceiue that ſhe hath made compare,
Betweene our ſtatures, ſhe hath vrg'd her height,
And with her perſonage, her tall perſonage,
Her height (forſooth) ſhe hath preuaild with him.
And are you growne ſo high in his eſteeme,
Becauſe I am ſo dwarfiſh and ſo lowe?
How lowe am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake:
How lowe am I? I am not yet ſo lowe,
But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you, though you mocke me, gentleman,
Let her not hurt me. I was neuer curſt:
I haue no gift at all in ſhrewiſhneſſe:

I am a right maid, for my cowardize:
Let her not ſtrike mee. You perhaps, may thinke,
Becauſe ſhe is ſomething lower then my ſelfe,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower? harke againe.
Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be ſo bitter with mee,
I euermore did loue you *Hermia*,
Did euer keepe your counſels, neuer wronged you;
Saue that in loue, vnto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your ſtealth vnto this wood.
He followed you: for loue, I followed him.
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned mee
To ſtrike mee, ſpurne mee; nay to kill mee to.
And now, ſo you will let me quiet goe,
To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,
And follow you no further. Let me goe.
You ſee how ſimple, and how fond I am.
Herm. Why? get you gon. Who iſt that hinders you?
Hel. A fooliſh heart, that I leaue here behind.
Her. What, with *Lyſander*?
Hel. With *Demetrius*.
Lyſ. Be not afraid: ſhe ſhall not harme thee *Helena*.
Deme. No ſir: ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O, when ſhe is angry, ſhe is keene and ſhrewd.
She was a vixen, when ſhe went to ſchoole:
And though ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.
Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little?
Why will you ſuffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
Lyſ. Get you gon, you dwarfe;
You *minimus*, of hindring knot graſſe, made;
You bead, you acorne.
Deme. You are too officious,
In her behalfe, that ſcornes your ſeruices.
Let her alone: ſpeake not of *Helena*,

Take

Take not her part. For if thou doſt intend
Neuer ſo little ſhewe of loue to her,
Thou ſhalt aby it.
Lyſ. Now ſhe holdes me not:
Now follow, if thou dar'ſt, to try whoſe right,
Of thine or mine, is moſt in *Helena*.
Deme. Follow? Nay: Ile go with thee, cheeke by iowle.
Her. You, miſtreſſe, all this coyle is long of you.
Nay: goe not backe.
Hel. I will not truſt you, I,
Nor longer ſtay in your curſt company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray:
My legges are longer though, to runne away.
Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to ſay. *Exeunt.*
Ob. This is thy negligence: ſtill thou miſtak'ſt,
Or elſe committ'ſt thy knaueries wilfully.
Puck. Beleeue mee, king of ſhadowes, I miſtooke.
Did not you tell mee, I ſhoud know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments, he had on?
And, ſo farr e blameleſſe prooues my enterpriſe,
That I haue nointed an *Athenians* eyes:
And ſo farre am I glad, it ſo did ſort,
As this their iangling I eſteeme a ſport.
Ob. Thou ſeeſt, theſe louers ſeeke a place to fight:
Hy therefore *Robin*, ouercaſt the night,
The ſtarry welkin couer thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as *Acheron*,
And lead theſe teaſty Riuals ſo aſtray,
As one come not within anothers way.
Like to *Lyſander*, ſometime frame thy tongue:
Then ſtirre *Demetrius* vp, with bitter wrong:
And ſometime raile thou like *Demetrius*:
And from each other, looke thou lead them thus;
Till ore their browes, death-counterfaiting, ſleepe,
With leaden legs, and Batty wings doth creepe:

Then cruſh this hearbe into *Lyſanders* eye;
Whoſe liquor hath this vertuous property,
To take from thence all errour, with his might,
And make his eyebals roule with wonted ſight.
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeeme a dreame, and fruiteleſſe viſion,
And backe to *Athens* ſhall the louers wend,
With league, whoſe date, till death ſhall neuer end.
Whiles I, in this affaire, doe thee imploy,
Ile to my Queene and beg her *Indian* boy:
And then I will her charmed eye releaſe
From monſters viewe, and all things ſhall be peace.

Puck. My Faiery Lord, this muſt be done with haſte.
For nights ſwift Dragons cut the clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines *Auroras* harbinger:
At whoſe approach, Ghoſts, wandring here and there,
Troope home to Churchyards: damned ſpirits all,
That in croſſe waies and floods haue buriall,
Already to their wormy beds are gone:
For feare leaſt day ſhould looke their ſhames vpon,
They wilfully themſelues exile from light,
And muſt for aye conſort with black browed night.

Ober. But we are ſpirits of another ſort.
I, with the mornings loue, haue oft made ſport,
And like a forreſter, the groues may tread
Euen till the Eaſterne gate all fiery red,
Opening on *Neptune*, with faire bleſſed beames,
Turnes, into yellow golde, his ſalt greene ſtreames.
But notwiſtanding, haſte, make no delay:
We may effect this buſineſſe, yet ere day.

Pu. Vp & down, vp & down, I will lead them vp & down:
I am feard in field & town. *Goblin*, lead them vp & downe.
Here comes one. *Enter* Lyſander.

Lyſ. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*? Speak thou now.

Rob. Here villaine, drawne & ready. Where art thou?

Lyſ.

Lyſ. I will be with thee ſtraight.
Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Deme. *Lyſander*, ſpeake againe,
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speake in ſome buſh. Where doeſt thou hide thy head?
Rob. Thou coward art thou bragging, to the ſtarres,
Telling the buſhes that thou look'ſt for warres,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,
Ile whippe thee with a rodde. He is defil'd,
That drawes a ſword on thee.
De. Yea, art thou there?
Ro. Follow my voice: weele try no manhood here. *Exeũt.*
Lyſ. He goes before me, and ſtill dares me on:
When I come where he calles, then he is gon.
The villaine is much lighter heel'd then I;
I followed faſt: but faſter he did fly;
That fallen am I in darke vneauen way,
And here will reſt me. Come thou gentle day.
For if but once, thou ſhewe me thy gray light,
Ile finde *Demetrius*, and reuenge this ſpight.

Robin, *and* Demetrius.

Robi. Ho, ho, ho: Coward, why comſt thou not?
Deme. Abide me, if thou darſt. For well I wot,
Thou runſt before mee, ſhifting euery place,
And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor looke me in the face,
Where art thou now?
Rob. Come hither: I am here.
De. Nay then thou mockſt me. Thou ſhat buy this dear,
if euer I thy face by day light ſee.
Now, goe thy way. Faintneſſe conſtraineth mee,
To meaſure, out my length, on this cold bed:
By daies approach looke to be viſited.

Enter Helena.

Hele. O weary night, O long and tedious night,

Abate thy houres, ſhine comforts, from the eaſt;
That I may backe to *Athens*, by day light,
From theſe that my poore company deteſt:
And ſleepe, that ſometimes ſhuts vp ſorrowes eye,
Steale mee a while from mine owne companie. *Sleepe.*
Rob Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes vp foure.
Heare ſhee comes, curſt and ladde.
Cupid is a knauiſh ladde,
Thus to make poore females madde.
Her. Neuer ſo weary, neuer ſo in woe,
Bedabbled with the deaw, and torne with briers:
I can no further crawle, no further goe:
My legges can keepe no pace with my deſires.
Here will I reſt mee, till the breake of day:
Heauens ſhielde *Lyſander*, if they meane a fray.
Rob. On the ground, ſleepe ſound:
Ile apply your eye, gentle louer, remedy.
When thou wak'ſt, thou tak'ſt
True delight, in the ſight, of thy former ladies eye:
And the country prouerbe knowne,
That euery man ſhould take his owne,
In your waking ſhall be ſhowen.
Iacke ſhall haue *Iill*: nought ſhall goe ill:
The man ſhall haue his mare again, & all ſhall be well.

Enter Queene of Faieries, *and Clowne, and* Faieries: *and the king behinde them.*

Tita. Come ſit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,
And ſtick muſk roſes in thy ſleeke ſmooth head,
And kiſſe thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.
Clown. Where's *Peaſe-bloſſome?*
Pea. Ready.
Clow. Scratch my heade, *Peaſe-bloſſome.* Wher's Mounſieur *Cobweb?* *Cob.* Ready.

Clo.

Clo. Mounſieur *Cobweb*, good Mounſieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a redhipt Humble Bee, on the toppe of a thiſtle: and good Mounſieur, bring mee the hony bagge. Doe not fret your ſelfe too much, in the action, Mounſieur: and good Mounſieur haue a care, the honybagge breake not, I wold be loath to haue you ouerflowen with a honibag *ſignior*. Where's Mounſieur *Muſtardſeede*?

Muſt. Readie.

Clo. Giue me your neafe, Mounſieur *Muſtardſeede*. Pray you, leaue your curtſie, good Mounſieur.

Muſt. what's your will?

Clo. Nothing good Mounſieur, but to helpe Caualery *Cobwebbe*, to ſcratch. I muſt to the Barbers, Mounſieur. For me thinkes I am marualles hairy about the face. And I am ſuch a tender Aſſe, if my haire doe but tickle mee, I muſt ſcratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou heare ſome muſique, my ſweete loue?

Clo. I haue a reaſonable good eare in muſique. Lets haue the tongs, and the bones.

Tyta. Or, ſay ſweete loue, what thou deſireſt to eate.

Clo. Truely a pecke of prouander. I could mounch your good dry Oates. Methinkes, I haue a great deſire to a bottle of hay. Good hay, ſweete hay hath no fellow. (hoord,

Ty. I haue a venturous Fairy, that ſhall ſeeke the Squirils And fetch thee newe nuts.

Clo. I had rather haue a handfull, or two of dryed peaſe. But, I pray you: let none of your people ſturre me: I haue an expoſition of ſleepe come vpon mee.

Tyta. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my armes. Faieries be gon, and be alwaies away.
So doth the woodbine, the ſweete Honiſuckle,
Gently entwiſt: the female Ivy ſo
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.

O how I loue thee! how I dote on thee!

Enter Robin goodfellow.

Ob. Welcome good *Robin*. Seeſt thou this ſweete ſight?
Her dotage now I doe beginne to pittie.
For meeting her of late, behinde the wood,
Seeking ſweete fauours for this hatefull foole,
I did vpbraid her, and fall out with her.
For ſhe his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet offreſh and fragrant flowers.
And that ſame deawe which ſometime on the buddes,
Was wont to ſwell, like round and orient pearles;
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,
Like teares, that did their owne diſgrace bewaile.
When I had, at my pleaſure, taunted her,
And ſhe, in milde termes, begd my patience,
I then did aske of her, her changeling childe:
Which ſtraight ſhe gaue mee, and her Fairy ſent
To beare him, to my bower, in Fairie land.
And now I haue the boy, I will vndoe
This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle *Puck*, take this transformed ſcalpe,
From of the heade of this *Athenian* ſwaine;
That hee, awaking when the other do,
May all to *Athens* backe againe repaire,
And thinke no more of this nights accidents,
But as the fearce vexation of a dreame.
But firſt I will releaſe the Fairy Queene.

Be, as thou waſt wont to bee:
See, as thou waſt wont to ſee.
Dians budde, or *Cupids* flower,
Hath ſuch force, and bleſſed power.

Now, my *Titania*, wake you, my ſweete Queene.

Tita. My *Oberon*, what viſions haue I ſeene!
Me thought I was enamourd of an Aſſe.

Ob. There lyes your loue.

Tita. How came theſe things to paſſe?
O, how mine eyes doe loath his viſage now!
Ob. Silence a while. *Robin*, take off this head:
Titania, muſicke call, and ſtrike more dead
Then common ſleepe: of all theſe, fine the ſenſe.
Ti. Muſick, howe muſick: ſuch as charmeth ſleepe. *Speepe.*
Rob. Now, when thou wak'ſt, with thine own fools eyes
Ob. Sound Muſick: come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rocke the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be.
Now, thou and I are new in amitie,
And will to morrow midnight, ſolemnely
Daunce, in Duke *Theſeus* houſe triumphantly,
And bleſſe it to all faire proſperitie.
There ſhall the paires of faithfull louers be
Wedded, with *Theſeus*, all in iollitie.
Rob. Fairy King, attend, and marke:
I do heare the morning Larke.
Ob. Then my Queene, in ſilence ſad,
Trippe we after nights ſhade:
We, the Globe, can compaſſe ſoone,
Swifter then the wandring Moone.
Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I ſleeping here was found,
With theſe mortals on the ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Theſeus *and all his traine.* *Winde horne.*

The. Goe one of you, finde out the forreſter:
For now our obſeruation is performde.
And ſince we haue the vaward of the day,
My loue ſhall heare the muſicke of my hounds.
Vncouple, in the weſterne vallie, let them goe:
Diſpatch I ſay, and finde the forreſter.
Wee will, faire Queene, vp to the mountaines toppe,
And marke the muſicall confuſion
Of hounds and Echo in coniunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and *Cadmus*, once,
When in a wood of *Creete* they bayed the Beare,
With hounds of *Sparta*: neuer did I heare
Such gallant chiding. For beſides the groues,
The skyes, the fountaines, euery region neare
Seeme all one mutuall cry. I neuer heard
So muſicall a diſcord, ſuch ſweete thunder.
Theſ. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartane* kinde:
So flew'd, ſo ſanded: and their heads are hung
With eares, that ſweepe away the morning deawe,
Crooke kneed, and deawlapt, like *Theſſalian* Buls:
Slowe in purſuit; but matcht in mouth like bels,
Each vnder each. A cry more tunable
Was neuer hollowd to, nor cheerd with horne,
In *Creete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theſſaly*.
Iudge when you heare. But ſoft. What nymphes are theſe?
Egeus. My Lord, this my daughter heere aſleepe,
And this *Lyſander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, old *Nedars Helena*.
I wonder of their being here together.
The. No doubt, they roſe vp earely, to obſerue
The right of May: and hearing our intent,
Came heere, in grace of our ſolemnitie.
But ſpeake, *Egeus*, is not this the day,
That *Hermia* ſhould giue anſwer of her choyce?
Egeus. It is, my Lord.
Theſe. Goe, bid the huntſmen wake them with their (hornes.
Shoute within: they all ſtart vp. Winde hornes.
The. Good morrow, friends. Saint *Valentine* is paſt.
Begin theſe wood birds but to couple, now?
Lyſ. Pardon, my Lord.
The. I pray you all, ſtand vp.
I know, you two are Riuall enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the worlde,
That hatred is ſo farre from iealouſie,

To

To ſleepe by hate, and feare no enmitie,
Lyſ. My Lord, I ſhal reply amazedly,
Halfe ſleepe, halfe waking. But, as yet, I ſweare,
I cannot truely ſay how I came here.
But as I thinke (for truely would I ſpeake)
And now I doe bethinke mee, ſo it is;
I came with *Hermia*, hither. Our intent
Was to be gon from *Athens*: where we might
Without the perill of the *Athenian* lawe,
Ege. Enough, enough my Lord: you haue enough.
I begge the law, the law, vpon his head:
They would haue ſtolne away, they would, *Demetrius*,
Thereby to haue defeated you and me:
You of your wife, and mee, of my conſent:
Of my conſent, that ſhe ſhould be your wife.
Deme. My Lord, faire *Helen* told me of their ſtealth,
Of this their purpoſe hither, to this wood,
And I in fury hither followed them;
Faire *Helena*, in fancy following mee.
But my good Lord, I wote not by what power
(But by ſome power it is) my loue,
To *Hermia* (melted as the ſnowe)
Seemes to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childehoode I did dote vpon:
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
The obiect and the pleaſure of mine eye,
Is onely *Helena*. To her, my Lord,
Was I betrothed, ere I ſee *Hermia*:
But, like a ſickneſſe, did I loath this foode.
But, as in health, come to my naturall taſte,
Now I doe wiſh it, loue it, long for it,
And will for euermore be true to it.
The. Faire louers, you are fortunately met,
Of this diſcourſe, we more will here anon,

Egeus, I will ouerbeare your will:
For in the Temple, by and by, with vs,
Theſe couples ſhall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is ſomthing worne,
Our purpoſ'd hunting ſhall be ſet aſide.
Away, with vs, to *Athens*. Three and three,
Weele holde a feaſt, in great ſolemnitie. Come *Hyppolita*.
Deme. Theſe things ſeeme ſmall and vndiſtinguiſhable,
Like farre off mountaines turned into clouds.
Her. Me thinks I ſee theſe things, with parted eye,
When euery thing ſeemes double.
Hel. So mee thinkes:
And I haue fonnd *Demetrius*, like a iewell,
Mine owne, and not mine owne.
Dem. Are you ſure
That we are awake? It ſeemes to me,
That yet we ſleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,
The Duke was here, and bid vs follow him?
Her. Yea, and my father.
Hel. And *Hyppolita*.
Lyſ. And he did bid vs follow to the Temple.
Dem. Why then, we are awake: lets follow him, and by the way lets recount our dreames.
Clo. When my cue comes, call mee, and I will anſwere. My next is, moſt faire *Pyramus*. Hey ho. *Peeter Quince*? *Flute*, the bellowes mender? *Snout* the tinker? *Starueling*? Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left mee a ſleepe? I haue had a moſt rare viſion. I haue had a dreame, paſt the wit of man, to ſay; what dreame it was. Man is but an Aſſe, if hee goe about expound this dreame. Me thought I was, there is no man can tell what. Me thought I was, and mee thought I had. But man is but patcht a foole, If hee will offer to ſay, what mee thought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the eare of man hath not ſeene, [illegible]ns hand

hand is not able to taſte, his tongue to conceiue, nor his hearte to report, what my dreame was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a Ballet of this dreame: it ſhall be call'd *Bottoms Dreame*; becauſe it hath no bottome: and I will ſing it in the latter end of a Play, before the Duke. Peraduenture, to make it the more gratious, I ſhall ſing it at her death.

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisby *and the rabble.*

Quin. Haue you ſent to *Bottoms* houſe? Is he come home, yet?

Flut. Hee cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is tranſported.

Thyſ. If hee come not, then the Play is mard. It goes not forward. Doth it?

Quin. It is not poſſible. You haue not a man, in all *Athens*, able to diſcharge *Pyramus*, but he.

Thyſ. No, hee hath ſimply the beſt wit of any handy-craft man in *Athens*.

Quin. Yea, and the beſt perſon to, and hee is a very Paramour, for a ſweete voice.

Thiſ. You muſt ſay, Paragon. A Paramour is (God bleſſe vs) a thing of nought.

Enter Snug, *the Ioyner.*

Snug. Maſters, the Duke is comming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more married. If our ſport had gon forward, wee had all beene made men.

Thyſ. O ſweete bully *Bottome*. Thus hath hee loſt ſixpence a day, during his life: hee coulde not haue ſcaped ſixe pence a day. And the Duke had not giuen him ſix pence a day, for playing *Pyramus*, Ile be hanged. He would haue deſerued it. Six pence a day, in *Pyramus*,

or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are theſe lads? Where are theſe harts?

Quin, Bottom, ô moſt courageous day! O moſt happy houre!

Bott. Maſters, I am to diſcourſe wonders: but aske me not what. For if I tell you, I am not true *Athenian.* I will tell you euery thing right as it fell out.

Quin. Let vs heare, ſweete *Bottom.*

Bot. Not a word of mee. All that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparrell together, good ſtrings to your beardes, new ribands to your pumpes, meete preſently at the palace, euery man looke ore his part. For, the ſhort and the long is, our play is preferd. In any caſe let *Thiſby* haue cleane linnen: and let not him, that plaies the Lyon, pare his nailes: for they ſhall hang out for the Lyons clawes. And moſt deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor garlicke: for we are to vtter ſweete breath: and I do not doubt but to hear them ſay, it is a ſweete Comedy. No more wordes. Away, go away.

Enter Theſcus, Hyppolita, *and* Philoſtrate.

Hip. Tis ſtrange, my *Theſeus,* that theſe louers ſpeake of.

The. More ſtraunge then true. I neuer may beleeue
Theſe antique fables, nor theſe Fairy toyes.
Louers, and mad men haue ſuch ſeething braines,
Such ſhaping phantaſies, that apprehend more,
Then coole reaſon euer comprehends. The lunatick,
The louer, and the Poet are of imagination all compact.
One ſees more diuels, then vaſt hell can holde:
That is the mad man. The louer, all as frantick,
Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Ægypt.*
The Poets eye, in a fine frenzy, rolling, doth glance
From heauen to earth, from earth to heauen. And as
Imagination bodies forth the formes of things

Vn-

Vnknowne: the Poets penne turnes them to ſhapes,
And giues to ayery nothing, a locall habitation,
And a name. Such trickes hath ſtrong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend ſome ioy,
It comprehends ſome bringer of that ioy.
Or in the night, imagining ſome feare,
How eaſie is a buſh ſuppoſ'd a Beare?

Hyp. But, all the ſtory of the night told ouer,
And all their minds transfigur'd ſo together,
More witneſſeth than fancies images,
And growes to ſomething of great conſtancy:
But howſoeuer, ſtrange and admirable.

Enter Louers; Lyſander, Demetrius, Hermia *and* Helena.

The. Here come the louers, full of ioy and mirth.
Ioy, gentle friends, ioy and freſh daies
Of loue accompany your hearts,

Lyſ. More then to vs, waite in your royall walkes, your boorde, your bedde.

The. Come now: what maskes, what daunces ſhall wee haue,
To weare away this long age of three hours, betweene
Our after ſupper, & bed-time? Where is our vſuall manager
Of mirth? What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play,
To eaſe the anguiſh of a torturing hower? Call *Philoſtrate*.

Philoſtrate. Here mighty *Theſeus*.

The. Say, what abridgement haue you for this euening?
What maske, what muſicke? How ſhall we beguile
The lazy tyme, if not with ſome delight?

Philoſt. There is a briefe, how many ſports are ripe.
Make choyce, of which your Highneſſe will ſee firſt.

The. The battell with the *Centaures* to be ſung,
By an *Athenian* Eunuche, to the Harpe?
Weele none of that. That haue I tolde my loue,
In glory of my kinſman *Hercules*.
The ryot of the tipſie *Bachanals*,

Tearing the *Thracian* ſinger, in their rage?
That is an olde deuiſe: and it was plaid,
When I from *Thebes* came laſt a conquerer.
The thriſe three Muſes, mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceaſt, in beggery?
That is ſome *Satire* keene and criticall,
Not ſorting with a nuptiall ceremony.
A tedious brieſe Scene of young *Pyramus*
And his loue *Thiſby*; very tragicall mirth?
Merry, and tragicall? Tedious, and brieſe? That is hot Iſe,
And wõdrous ſtrange ſnow. How ſhall we find the cõcord
Of this diſcord?

Philoſt. A Play there is, my Lord, ſome ten words long;
Which is as brieſe, as I haue knowne a play:
But, by ten words, my Lord it is too long:
Which makes it tedious. For in all the Play,
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragicall, my noble Lord, it is. For *Pyramus*,
Therein, doth kill himſelfe. Which when I ſaw
Rehearſt, I muſt confeſſe, made mine eyes water:
But more merry teares the paſſion of loud laughter
Neuer ſhed.

Theſe. What are they, that doe play it?

Phil. Hard handed men, that worke in *Athens* here,
Which neuer labour'd in their minds till now:
And now haue toyled their vnbreathed memories,
With this ſame Play, againſt your nuptiall.

The. And wee will heare it.

Phi. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I haue heard
It ouer, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Vnleſſe you can finde ſport in their entents,
Extreamely ſtretcht, and cond with cruell paine,
To do you ſeruice.

The. I will heare that play. For neuer any thing
Can be amiſſe, when ſimpleneſſe and duety tender it.

Goe

Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.
Hip. I loue not to ſee wretchedneſſe orecharged;
And duety, in his ſeruice, periſhing.
The. Why, gentle ſweete, you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.
Hip. He ſayes, they can doe nothing in this kinde.
The. The kinder we, to giue them thanks, for nothing.
Our ſport ſhall be, to take what they miſtake.
And what poore duty cannot doe, noble reſpect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I haue come, great Clerkes haue purpoſed
To greete me, with premeditated welcomes;
Where I haue ſeene them ſhiuer and looke pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,
And in concluſion dumbly haue broke off,
Not paying mee a welcome. Truſt me, ſweete,
Out of this ſilence, yet, I pickt a welcome:
And in the modeſty of fearefull duty,
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of ſaucy and audacious eloquence.
Loue, therefore, and tong-tide ſimplicity,
In leaſt, ſpeake moſt, to my capacity.
Philoſt. So pleaſe your Grace, the Prologue is addreſt.
Duk. Let him approach.

Enter the Prologue.

Pro. If wee offend, it is with our good will.
That you ſhould thinke, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To ſhew our ſimple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Conſider then, we come but in deſpight.
We doe not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
Wee are not here. That you ſhould here repent you,
The Actors are at hand: and, by their ſhowe,
You ſhall know all, that you are like to knowe.

The. This fellow doth not ſtand vpon points.

Lyſ. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colte: hee knowes not the ſtoppe. A good moral! my Lord. It is not enough to ſpeake; but to ſpeake true.

Hyp. Indeed he hath plaid on this Prologue, like a child on a Recorder, a ſound; but not in gouernement.

The. His ſpeach was like a tangled Chaine; nothing impaired, but all diſordered. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus, *and* Thisby, *and* Wall, *and* Moone-ſhine, *and* Lyon.

Prologue. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this ſhow.
But, wonder on, till truthe make all things plaine.
This man is *Pyramus*, if you would knowe:
This beautious Lady *Thiſby* is certaine.
This man, with lyme and roughcaſt, doth preſent
Wall, that vile wall, which did theſe louers ſunder:
And through wals chinke, poore ſoules, they are content
To whiſper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with lanterne, dogge, and buſh of thorne,
Preſenteth moone-ſhine. For if you will know,
By moone-ſhine did theſe louers thinke no ſcorne
To meete at *Ninus* tombe, there, there to wooe:
This grizly beaſt (which Lyon hight by name)
The truſty *Thyſby*, comming firſt by night,
Did ſcarre away, or rather did affright:
And as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe did fall:
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did ſtaine.
Anon comes *Pyramus*, ſweete youth, and tall,
And findes his truſty *Thiſbyes* mantle ſlaine:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He brauely broacht his boyling bloody breaſt.
And *Thiſby*, tarying in Mulberry ſhade,
His dagger drewe, and dyed. For all the reſt,
Let *Lyon*, *Moone-ſhine*, *Wall*, and louers twaine,
At large diſcourſe, while here they doe remaine,

The.

The. I wonder, if the Lyon be to ſpeake.

Demet. No wonder, my Lord. One Lyon may, when many Aſſes doe.

Exit Lyon, Thysby, *and* Mooneſhine.

Wall. In this ſame enterlude it doth befall,
That I, one *Flute* (by name) preſent a wall:
And ſuch a wall, as I would haue you thinke
That had in it a cranied hole or chinke:
Through which the louers, *Pyramus*, and *Thisby*,
Did whiſper often, very ſecretly.
This lome, this roughcaſt, and this ſtone doth ſhowe,
That I am that ſame wall: the truth is ſo.
And this the cranie is, right and ſiniſter,
Through which the fearefull louers are to whiſper.

The. Would you deſire lime and haire to ſpeake better?

Deme. It is the wittieſt partition, that euer I heard diſcourſe, my Lord.

The. *Pyramus* drawes neare the wall: ſilence.

Py. O grim lookt night, o night, with hue ſo blacke,
O night, which euer art, when day is not:
O night, O night, alacke, alacke, alacke,
I feare my *Thisbyes* promiſe is forgot.
And thou ô wall, ô ſweete, ô louely wall,
That ſtandſt betweene her fathers ground and mine,
Thou wall, ô wall, O ſweete and louely wall,
Showe mee thy chinke, to blink through, with mine eyne,
Thankes curteous wall. *Ioue* ſhield thee well, for this.
But what ſee I? No *Thiſby* doe I ſee.
O wicked wall, through whome I ſee no bliſſe,
Curſt be thy ſtones, for thus deceiuing mee,

The. The wall mee thinkes, being ſenſible, ſhould curſe againe.

Pyr. No, in truth Sir, he ſhould not. *Deceiuing mee* is *Thiſbyes* cue: ſhe is to enter now, and I am to ſpy
Her through the wall. You ſhall ſee it will fall

Pat as I told you: yonder ſhe comes. *Enter* Thiſby.

Thiſ. O wall, full often haſt thou heard my mones,
For parting my faire *Pyramus*, and mee.
My cherry lips haue often kiſt thy ſtones;
Thy ſtones, with lime and hayre knit now againe.

Pyra. I ſee a voice: now will I to the chinke,
To ſpy and I can heare my *Thiſbyes* face. Thyſby?

Thiſ. My loue thou art, my loue I thinke.

Py. Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy louers Grace:
And, like *Limander*, am I truſty ſtill,

Thiſ. And I, like *Helen*, till the fates me kill.

Pyra. Not *Shafalus*, to *Procrus*, was ſo true.

Thiſ. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pyr. O kiſſe mee, through the hole of this vilde wall.

Thiſ. I kiſſe the walles hole; not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou, at *Ninnies* tombe, meete me ſtraight way?

Thy. Tide life, tyde death, I come without delay.

Wal. Thus haue I, *Wall*, my part diſcharged ſo;
And, being done, thus wall away doth goe.

Duk. Now is the Moon vſed between the two neighbors.

Deme. No remedy, my Lord, when wals are ſo wilfull, to heare without warning.

Dutch. This is the ſillieſt ſtuffe, that euer I heard.

Duke. The beſt, in this kinde, are but ſhadowes: and the worſt are no worſe, if imagination amend them.

Dutch. It muſt be your imagination, then; & not theirs.

Duke. If we imagine no worſe of them, then they of thẽſelues, they may paſſe for excellent men. Here come two noble beaſts, in a man and a Lyon.

Enter Lyon, *and* Moone-ſhine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whoſe gentle hearts do feare
The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe, that creepes on floore)
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When Lyon rough, in wildeſt rage, doth roare.
Then know that I, as *Snug* the ioyner am

A Lyon fell, nor elſe no Lyons damme,
For, if I ſhould, as Lyon, come in ſtrife,
Into this place, 'twere pitty on my life.

Duk. A very gentle beaſt, and of a good conſcience.

Deme. The very beſt at a beaſt, my Lord, that ere I ſaw.

Lyſ. This Lyon is a very fox, for his valour.

Duk. True: and a gooſe for his diſcretion.

De. Not ſo my Lord. For his valour cannot carry his diſcretion: and the fox carries the gooſe.

Duk. His diſcretion, I am ſure, cannot carry his valour. For the gooſe carries not the fox. It is well: leaue it to his diſcretion, and let vs liſten to the Moone.

Moone. This lanthorne doth the horned moone preſent.

Deme. He ſhould haue worne the hornes, on his head.

Duk. He is no creſcent, and his hornes are inuiſible, within the circumference.

Moone. This lanthorne doth the horned moone preſent,
My ſelfe, the man ith Moone, doe ſeeme to be.

Duke. This is the greateſt errour of all the reſt; the man ſhould be put into the lanthorne, How is it elſe the man ith Moone?

Deme. He dares not come there, for the candle. For, you ſee, it is already in ſnuffe. (change.

Dutch. I am aweary of this Moone. Would hee would

Duke. It appeares, by his ſmall light of diſcretion, that hee is in the wane: but yet in curteſie, in all reaſon, wee muſt ſtay the time.

Lyſan. Proceede, Moone.

Moon. All that I haue to ſay, is to tell you, that the lanthorne is the Moone, I the man ith Moone, this thorne buſh my thorne buſh, and this dogge my dogge.

Deme. Why? All theſe ſhould be in the lanthorne: for all theſe are in the Moone. But ſilence: here comes *Thiſby*.

Enter Thiſby.

Th. This is ould *Ninies* tumbe. Where is my loue? *Lyon*. Oh.

Dem. Well roard, Lyon.

Duke. Well runne, *Thiſby.*

Dutcheſſe. Well ſhone *Moone.* Truly, the Moone ſhines, with a good grace.

Duk. Well mouz'd, *Lyon.*

Dem. And then came *Pyramus.*

Lyſ. And ſo the Lyon vaniſht.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweete Moone, I thanke thee, for thy ſunny beams.
I thanke thee, Moone, for ſhining now ſo bright.
For by thy gratious, golden, glittering beames,
I truſt to take of trueſt *Thiſby* ſight.
But ſtay: ô ſpight! but marke, poore knight,
What dreadfull dole is here?
Eyes do you ſee! How can it bee!
O dainty duck, o deare!
Thy mantle good, what, ſtaind with blood?
Approach ye Furies fell,
O fates come, come, cut thread and thrumme,
Quaile, cruſh, conclude, and quell.

Duke. This paſſion, & the death of a deare friend would goe neere to make a man looke ſad.

Dutch. Beſhrewe my heart, but I pitty the man.

Pyr. O, wherefore, Nature, didſt thou Lyons frame?
Since Lyon vilde hath here deflour'd my deare.
Which is, no, no: which was the faireſt dame
That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik't, that look't with cheere.
Come teares, confound, out ſword, and wound
The pappe of *Pyramus*:
I, that left pappe, where heart doth hoppe.
Thus dy I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my ſoule is in the ſky.
Tongue looſe thy light, Moone take thy flight,
Now dy, dy, dy, dy, dy.

Dem. No Die, but an ace for him. For he is but one.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. Leſſe then an ace, man. For he is dead, he is nothing.

Duke. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recouer, and yet prooue an Aſſe.

Dut. How chance Moone-ſhine is gone before? *Thiſby* comes backe, and findes her louer.

Duke. Shee will finde him, by ſtarre-light. Here ſhee comes, and her paſſion ends the Play.

Dut. Methinkes, ſhe ſhould not vſe a long one, for ſuch a *Pyramus*: I hope, ſhe will be briefe.

Demet. A moth will turne the ballance; which *Pyramus*, which *Thisby* is the better: he for a man; God warnd vs: ſhe, for a woman; God bleſſe vs.

Lyſ. She hath ſpied him already, with thoſe ſweete eyes.

Deme. And thus ſhe meanes, *videlicet*;

This. A ſleepe my loue? What, dead my doue?
O *Pyramus*, ariſe,
Speake, ſpeake. Quite dumbe? Dead, dead? A tumbe
Muſt couer thy ſweete eyes.
Theſe lilly lippes, this cherry noſe,
Theſe yellow cowſlippe cheekes
Are gon, are gon: louers make mone:
His eyes were greene, as leekes,
O ſiſters three, come, come, to mee,
With hands as pale as milke,
Lay them in gore, ſince you haue ſhore
With ſheeres, his threede of ſilke.
Tongue, not a word: come truſty ſword,
Come blade, my breaſt imbrew:
And farewell friends: thus *Thyſby* ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duke. *Moone-ſhine* and *Lyon* are left to bury the dead.

Deme. I, and *Wall* to.

Lyon. No, I aſſure you, the wall is downe, that parted their fathers. Will it pleaſe you, to ſee the Epilogue, or to heare a Bergomaske daunce, between two of our cõpany?

Duke. No Epilogue, I pray you. For your Play needs no excuſe. Neuer excuſe: For when the Players are all deade, there neede none to be blamed. Mary, if hee that writ it, had played *Pyramus*, and hangd himſelfe in *Thiſbies* garter, it would haue beene a fine Tragedy: and ſo it is truely, and very notably diſcharg'd. But come your Burgomaske: let your Epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath tolde twelue.
Louers to bed, tis almoſt Fairy time.
I feare we ſhall outſleepe the comming morne,
As much as wee this night haue ouerwatcht.
This palpable groſſe Play hath well beguil'd
The heauie gate of night. Sweete friends, to bed.
A fortnight holde we this ſolemnitie,
In nightly Reuels, and new iollity. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyons roares.
And the wolfe beholds the Moone;
Whilſt the heauie ploughman ſnores,
All with weary taske foredoone.
Now the waſted brands doe glowe,
Whilſt the ſcriech-owle, ſcriecching lowd,
Puts the wretch, that lyes in woe,
In remembrance of a ſhrowde.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graues, all gaping wide,
Euery one lets forth his ſpright,
In the Churchway paths to glide.
And wee Fairies, that doe runne,
By the triple *Hecates* teame,
From the preſence of the Sunne,
Following darkeneſſe like a dreame,
Now are frollick: not a mouſe
Shall diſturbe this hallowed houſe.
I am ſent, with broome, before,

To

To ſweepe the duſt, behinde the dore.

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with all their traine.

Ob. Through the houſe giue glimmering light,
By the dead and drowſie fier,
Euery Elfe and Fairy ſpright,
Hop as light as birde from brier,
And this dittie after mee, Sing, and daunce it trippingly.

Tita. First rehearſe your ſong by rote,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairy grace,
Will we ſing and bleſſe this place.

Ob. Now, vntill the breake of day,
Through this houſe, each Fairy ſtray.
To the beſt bride bed will wee:
Which by vs ſhall bleſſed be:
And the iſſue, there create,
Euer ſhall be fortunate:
So ſhall all the couples three
Euer true in louing be:
And the blots of natures hand
Shall not in their iſſue ſtand.
Neuer mole, hare-lippe, nor ſcarre,
Nor marke prodigious, ſuch as are
Deſpiſed in natiuitie,
Shall vpon their children be.
With this field deaw conſecrate,
Euery Fairy take his gate,
And each ſeuerall chamber bleſſe,
Through this palace, with ſweete peace,
Euer ſhall in ſafety reſt,
And the owner of it bleſt.
Trippe away: make no ſtay:
Meete me all, by breake of day. *Exeunt.*

Robin. If we ſhadowes haue offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)

That you haue but ſlumbred here,
While theſe viſions did appeare.
And this weake and idle theame,
No more yielding but a dreame,
Gentles, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, wee will mend.
And, as I am an honeſt *Puck*,
If we haue vnearned luck,
Now to ſcape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends, ere long:
Elſe, the *Puck* a lyer call.
So, good night vnto you all.
Giue me your hands, if we be friends:
And *Robin* ſhall reſtore amends.

FINIS.